

# Panic in Detroit

David Bowie

He looked a lot like Che Guevara,  
drove a diesel van  
Kept his gun in quiet seclusion,  
such a humble man  
The only survivor of the National People's Gang  
Panic in Detroit, I asked for an autograph  
He wanted to stay home, I wish someone would phone

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He laughed at accidental sirens that broke the evening  
gloom  
The police had warned of repercussions

They followed none too soon  
A trickle of strangers were all that were left alive  
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Putting on some clothes I made my way to school  
And I found my teacher  
crouching in his overalls

I screamed and ran to smash my favorite slot machine  
And jumped the silent cars that slept at traffic lights

Having scored a trillion dollars,  
made a run back home

Found him slumped across the table.  
A gun and me alone  
I ran to the window. Looked for a plane or two  
Panic in Detroit.  
He'd left me an autograph  
"Let me collect dust."  
I wish someone would phone

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